

## SYNOPSIS. -16-

Humphrey Van Weyden, critic and dilettante, finds himself aboard the scaling schooner Ghost. Captain Wolf Larsen, bound to Japan waters. The captain makes him cabin boy "for the good of his soul." The cockney cook, Mugridge, is fealous and hazes him. Wolf hazes a seaman and makes it the basis for a pilliceophil discussion with Hump. Cooky and Hump whet knives at each other. Hump in it may with Wolf increases. A carn val of brufallity breaks loose in the ship Wolf proves nimself the master brute. Hump, despits his protest, is made mate on the hell-ship and proves by his conduct in a blow that he has learned "to stand on his own legs." Two men desert the vessel in one of the small boats. A young women an and four men survivors of a steamer wreck, are rescued from a small boat. The deservers are sighted, but Welf stands away and leaves them to drown. Mande Brewster, the rescued girl, and Van Weyden find they know each other's work. They talk together of a world allen to Wolf. Maude sees Mugridge towed overside in a bowline to give him a bath and his foot bitten off by a shark as he is hauled aboard. She begins to realize their danger at the hands of Wolf Van Weyden realizes that he loves Maude. Wolf's brother, Death Larsen, convex on the sealing grounds in the steam scaler. Macedonia and hisneets Wolf's hoots so it ealing its catch. Death Larsen convex on the sealing grounds in the steam scaler. Macedonia and hisneets Wolf's hoots so its ealing its catch. Death Larsen convex on the sealing grounds in the steam scaler. Macedonia and hisneets Wolf's hoots so its ealing its catch. Death Larsen convex on the sealing grounds in the steam scaler.

## CHAPTER XXI-Continued.

rested his rifle across the rail. The came aboard from every side at once. bullets we had received had traveled As fast as the prisoners came over nearly a mile, but by now we had cut the rail they were marshaled forward that distance in half. He fired three into the forecastle by our hunters careful shots. At the third the boat steerer let loose his steering-oar and crumpled up in the bottom of the boat.

"I guess that'll fix them," Wolf Larsen said, rising to his feet. "I couldn't afford to let the hunter have it, and there is a chance the boat-puller the last boat lifted clear of the water doesn't know how to steer. In which case the hunter cannot steer and shoot at the same time."

His reasoning was justified, for the boat rushed at once into the wind and steerer's place. There was no more shooting, though the rifles were still cracking merrily from the other boats

from its pin. Then he peered over the the Macedonia arrived at it. rail with leveled rifle. Twice I saw the hunter let go the steering-oar with one Wolf Larsen called to our hunters; hand, reach for his rifle, and hesitate. and the five men lined the lee rail We were now alongside and foaming

"Here, you!" Wolf Larsen cried sud-

obey. instead, he looked to his hunter for orders. The hunter, in turn, was the fog-bank was very near. in a quandary. His rifle was between his knees, but if he let go the steering-oar in order to shoot, the boat would sweep around and coilide with the stretched canvas of our mainsail. the schooner. Also be saw Wolf Lar. They were shooting at us with one of sen's rifle bearing upon him and knew the small cannon which rumor had he would be shot ere he could get his said they carried on board. Our men. rifle into play.

man.

The boat-puller obeyed, taking a turn around the little forward thwart and ing not more than twenty feet astern paying the line as it jerked taut. The and glancing twice from sea to sea to mugs, and from the bottles-great boat sheered out with a rush, and the windward ere it sank. hunter steaded it to a parallel course some twenty feet from the side of the Ghost.

alongside!" Wolf Larsen ordered.

Larsen's direction carried the wound lits dense wet gauze. "If our five boats do as well as you

full crew," Wolf Larsen said to me. "The man you shot-he is, I hope-" Maud Brewster quavered.

"In the shoulder," he answered "Nothing serious. Mr. Van Weyden will pull him around as good as ever in three or four weeks."

"But he won't pull those chaps ed eyes may see. around, from the look of it," he added. pointing at the Macedonia's third boat. told them we wanted live men, not experienced it. Mr. Van Weyden?"

I shook my head and regarded their work. It had indeed been bloody, for Ghost. they had drawn off and joined our comber, its loose spritcail out at right, No noise, understand, no noise." angles to it and fluttering and flapping his head rolling from side to side.

don't look," I had begged of her, and I echoing pall in which we were was glad that she had minded me and swathed.

been spared the sight. "Head right into the bunch, Mr. Van Weyden," was Wolf Larsen's com-



The remaining two boats had been captured by our five, and the seven were grouped together waiting to be picked

"Look at that!" I cried involuntarily, pointing to the northeast.

The blot of smoke which indicated

the weight of the wind on his cheek. We'll make it, I think; but you can er's chance of finding him. depend upon it that blessed brother of mine has twigged our little game and is just a-humping for us. Ah, look at

The blot of smoke had suddenly grown larger, and it was very black.

"I'll beat you out, though, brother mine," he chuckled. "I'll beat you out and I hope you no worse than that you rack your old engines into scrap."

## CHAPTER XXII.

When we have to, a hasty though or-He dropped down to the deck and derly confusion reigned. The boats while our sailors hoisted in the boats. pell-mell, dropping them anywhere up on the deck and not stopping to lash them. We were already under way, all sails set and drawing, and the sheets being slacked off for a wind abeam, as and swung in the tackles.

There was need for haste. The Macedonia, beiching the blackest of smoke from her funnel, was charging down upon us from out of the norththe hunter sprang aft to take the boat east. Neglecting the boats that remained to her, she had altered her course so as to anticipate ours. She was not running straight for us, but The hunter had managed to get the ahead of us. Our courses were conboat before the wind again, but we ran verging like the sides of an angle, the down upon it, going at least two feet vertex of which was at the edge of the to its one. A hundred yards away, I fog-bank. It was there, or not at all saw the boat-puller pass a rifle to the that the Macedonia could hope to catch hunter. Wolf Larsen went amidships us. The hope for the Ghost lay in and took the coil of the throat-halyards that she should pass that point before

"Better get your rifles, you fell guns in hand, and waited.

The Macedonia was now but a mile away, the black smoke pouring from denly to the boat-puller. "Take a her funnel at a right angle, so madly she raced, pounding through the sea at At the same time he flung the coil a seventeen-knot galt-" Sky-hooting of rope. It struck fairly, nearly through the brine," as Wolf Larsen knocking the man over, but he did not quoted while gazing at her. We were not making more than nine knots, but

A puff of smoke broke from the Macedonia's deck, we heard a heavy report, and a round hole took form in clustering amidships, waved their "Take a turn," he said quietly to the hats and raised a derisive cheer. Again The Macedonia Was Now but a Mile there was a puff of smoke and a loud report, this time the cannon ball strik-

But there was no rifle-firing for the reason that all their hunters were out "Now get that sail down and come the two vessels were half a mile apart. a third shot made another hole in our Once aboard, the two prisoners mainsail. Then we entered the fog. It

The moment before we had been leapand I have done, we'll have a pretty sky above us, the sea breaking and Larsen and Maud were waiting for me. rolling wide to the horizon and a ship, vemiting smoke and fire and iron misonce, as in an instant's leap, the sun He did not dare it under the circumwas blotted out, there was no sky, stances, for he had only Louis and me even our mastheads were lost to view to depend upon, and Louis was even and our horizon was such as tear blind-

It was weird, strangely weird. I looked at Maud Brewster and knew turned the liquor loose among his men for which I had been steering and that she was similarly affected. Then surprised me, but he evidently knew which was now nearly abrenst of us I looked at Wolf Larsen, but there was "That's Horner's and Smoke's work, I nothing subjective about his state of of cementing in cordiality what had consciousness. His whole concern was begun in bloodshed. carcasses. But the joy of shooting to with the immediate, objective present. hit is a most compelling thing, when He still held the wheel, and I felt that once you've learned how to shoot. Ever he was timing time, reckoning the passage of the minutes with each for he had reasoned himself into the blues

"Go for'ard and hard a-lee without other three boats in the attack on the any noise." he said to me in a low remaining two of the enemy. The de- voice. "Clew up the topsails first Set serted boat was in the trough of the men at all the sheets. Let there be no sea, rolling drunkenly across each rattling of blocks, no sound of voices.

When all was ready, the word "hardin the wind. The hunter and boat- a-lee" was passed forward to me from puller were both lying awkwardly in man to man; and the Ghost heeled the bottom, but the boat-steerer lay about on the port tack with practically and the creaking of a sheave in a block "Don't look, Miss Brewster please or two-was ghostly under the hollow

We had scarcely filled away, it seemed, when the fog thinned abruptly and we were again in the sunshine, the the conversation through studying her wide-stretching sea breaking before us face as she talked. It was a face that

and we saw that the fight was over, | bare. No wrathful Macedonia broke | its surface nor blackened the sky with her smoke.

Wolf Larsen at once squared away and ran down along the rim of the fogthe Macedonia's position had rechance of catching him he had come chance of catching him he had come appeared "Yes. I've been watching it," was about and out of his shelter and was wolf Larsen's calm reply. He meas now running down to re-enter to lead to herein. Ward, Successful in this, the old simile ward, Successful in this, the old simile and perfect my transgression. mild indeed compared with his broth-

> He did not run long. Jibing the fore and main sails and setting the topsails again, we headed back into the bank. As we entered I could have sworn I saw a vague bulk emerging to windward. I looked quickly at Wolf Larsen. Already we were ourselves buried in the fog, but he nodded his head. He, too, had seen it the Mace donia, guessing his maneuver and failing by a moment in anticipating it There was no doubt that we had escaped unseen.

"I'd give five hundred dollars. though," Wolf Larsen said, "Just to be aboard the Macedonia for five minutes listening to my brother curse."

"And now, Mr. Van Weyden," he said to me when he had been relieved from the wheel, "we must make these newcomers welcome. Serve out plenty of whisky to the hunters and see that a few bottles slip for ard. I'll wager every man Jack of them is over the side tomorrow, hunting for Wolf Lar sen as contentedly as ever they hunted for Death Larsen."

Wolf Lar in took the distribution of the whisky off my hands, and the bottles began to make their appearance while I worked over the fresh batch of wounded men in the forecastle. I had seen whisky drunk, but never as these



Away.

men drank it, from pannikins and was in itself a debauch. But they did forward and they drank more.

The steerage, where were two sen was not being cursed; and it was dangerous thinker. ed boat-steerer down into the fore. The sudden transition was startling, with a great relief that I again emerged on deck and went aft to the ing through the sunshine, the clear cabin. Supper was ready, and Wolf

While all his ship was getting drunk as fast as it could be remained sober. rCas, rushing madly upon us. And at Not a drop of liquor passed his lips. now at the wheel. We were sailing on through the fog without a lookout and without lights. That Wolf Larsen had their psychology and the best method

His victory over Death Larsen seemed to have had a remarkable effect upon him. The previous evening ward lunge and leeward roll of the and I had been waiting momentarily for one of his characteristic outbursts Yet he discovered himself in splendid trim when I entered the cabin. He had had no headaches for weeks, his eyes were clear blue as the sky, his bronze was beautiful with perfect health; life swelled through his veins in full and magnificent flood. While waiting for me he had engaged Maud in animated discussion. He seemed voluble. prone to speech as I had never seen across the gunwale, half in and half no noise at all. And what little there him before. The discussion was on out his arms trailing in the water and was-the slapping of a few reefpoints love and, as usual, his was the sheer materialistic side, and Maud's was the idealistic. For myself, beyond a word or so of suggestion or correction now and again, I took no part.

He was brilliant, but so was Maud. and for some time I lost the thread of As he drew nearer, the firing ceased, to the skyline. But the ocean was rarely displayed color, but tonight it tion of china."

HE STORY OF A MAN WHO IN HIS OWN LITTLE WORLD ABOARD/SHIP WAS A LAW -UNTO-HIMSELF with the same

as flushed and vivacious. Her wit as playing keenly, and she was enjoy og the tilt as much as Wolf Larsen. nd he was enjoying it hugely. For

ome reason though I know rot why. bank His trick was obvious. He had the argument, so utterly had I lost entered the fog to windward of the in the contemplation of one stray steamer, and while the steamer had brown lock of Maud's hair, he quoted

As he had read pessimism into Omar, so now he read triumph, stinging triumph and exultation, into Swinournes lines. And he read rightly, end he read well. He had hardly ceased reading when Louis put ats head into the companiorway and whispered down:

"He easy, will ye? The fog's lifted. an' 'tis the port light iv a steamer that's crossin' our bow this blessed minute."

Wolf Larsen sprang on deck, and so swiftly that by the time we followed him he had pulled the steerage-slide over the drunken clamor and was on his way forward to close the forecastle scuttle. The fog, though it remained, had lifted high, where it obscured the stars and made the night quite black. Directly ahead of us I could see a bright red light and a white ight, and I could hear the pulsing of a steamer's engines. Beyond a doubt it was the Macedonia.

Wolf Larsen had returned to the poop, and we stood in a silent group, watching the lights rapidly cross our

"Lucky for me he doesn't carry a searchlight," Wolf Larsen said.

What if I should cry out loudly?" queried in a whisper.

"It would be all up," he answered. But have you thought upon what would immediately happen?"

Before I had time to express any desire to know, he had me by the throat with his gorilla grip, and by a faint quiver of the muscles-a hint, as it were-he suggested to me the twist that would surely have broken my neck. The next moment he had released me and we were gazing at the mer. As a rule colors are subdued, by ture, would look well. It resembles a Macedonia's lights. What if I should cry

asked.

"I like you too well to hurt you," he they are dull, said softly-nay, there was a tenderthe same, for I'd promptly break Mr. van Weyden's neck.' Then she has my permission to cry

out," I said defiantly.

"I hardly think you'll care to sacrifice the Dean o' American Letters the Second," he sneered.

We spoke no more, though we had become too used to one another for the silence to be awkward; and when the red light and the white had disappeared we returned to the cabin to finish the interrupted supper.

If ever Wolf Larsen attained the summit of living, he attained it then. From time to time I forsook my own thoughts to follow him, and I followed in amaze, mastered for the moment by his remarkable intellect, under the spell of his passion, for he was preachbrimming drinks, each one of which ing the passion of revolt. It was inevitable that Milton's Lucifer should not stop at one or two. They drank be instanced, and the keenness with in the boats or our prisoners. When and drank, and ever the bottles slipped which Wolf Larsen analyzed and depicted the character was a revelation of his stifled genius. It reminded me wounded hunters, was a repetition of of Taine, yet I knew the man had notsted in the boat and under Wolf was about us, veiling and hiding us in the forecastle, except that Wolf Lar | never heard of that brilliant though

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Stevenson as a German Spy.

It is interesting, says the London Chronicle, to recall that Stevenson has recorded his imprisonment in France as a German spy, so foreign looking was he in appearance. Andrew Lang found his appearance at twenty-eight was anything but that of a Scotsman, and the same difficulty pursued the novelist through life, more especially on the continent.

"It is a great thing, believe me," he wrote in the Inland Voyage, "to present a good normal type of the nation same chapter, "I might come from any part of the globe, it seems, except with a belt of any kind. from where I do."

Sait Water Improves Coal.

in recovering cargoes of coal from that the combustion of coal is improved by submergence in sait water. Coal subjected to the action of seawater for a number of years will burn almost entirely away, leaving only a small amount of ash and no clinkers. Crates of coal, each holding approximately two tons, were submerged by the British admiralty in 1903, and at different times since certain of them have been raised and experiments conducted. The tests all have been in favor of the salt-water treatment.

Her Political Views. "Jane, I have discovered that our new cook has decided views about the policy in the East. "John, what do you mean?"

"She believes in the gradual disrup

In Woman's Realm

Separate Skirts, in Amost Any Number of Models, Are a Feature of the Season, as Their Popularity Never Seems to Wane-Two Millinery Models That Are Somewhat Different From the Ordinary.

fall and winter there are many made There are various color combinations, number in plain fabrics, and few shade of one color are combined in this stripes. This is simply a reaction from way. On almost any of them a sprny

The separate skirt, like the shirt-care too brilliant to be lost sight of. walst, seems to return every season. The hat at the left of the picture has Like perennial flowers, it is sure of a a crown of velvet and a brim of felt. welcome. Among the new models for It is one of many two-color shapes. of plaid and harred woolens, a good and occasionally a light and a dark the all-prevailing stripes of midsum of fancy ostrich, like that in the pie



EXCELLENT DESIGN FOR SEPARATE SKIRT.

skirts. But this does not signify that | dow pane.

skirt pictured.

match the cross bar. The yoke is ex- that ostrich planes are the best of

comparison with the bright and often branch of fine twigs with snow efferviolent color-contrasts in summer ing to them, or the frost on a win-

An all-velvet hat at the right has a The introduction of cross bars of brim of medium width and a soft ness and a caress in his voice that white or black on fabrics that show crown. Everyone is familiar with osmade me wince. "But don't do it, just color contrasts in plaids or checks trich wreaths. The flues of the feathgives them life and sparkle. Pipings ers used in this one are long and of a plain color, matching the cross slightly curied. Their scanty arrangebar, add a happy touch in the finish of ment gives the wreath a flowerlike aptheir skirts. This is apparent in the penrance. It looks much like the beautiful ragged chrysanthemums which This model is made with the front appear along with it in the fall. It cut on the straight of the goods and terminates in two standing half plumes the back on the bins. Both pieces are at the left, back of the shape, These are attached to a fitted yoke cut on the placed back to back as if to brace one straight and piped with plain white to another up while they still maintain



PRETTY REBELS IN FASHION'S REALM.

fended into a tab at each side, defined | irlumings for velvet hats. Even so waistline is stightly raised, dispensing be almost unusual,

The skirt shown is cut to instep length, but this greatly added length is on innovation that is in the experimental stage. It detracts from the shirt sunken vessels it has been discovered both in comfort and smartness. The chances are that skirts will make some concession to the new mode as to length, but good sense will not extend them below the unkles. The shorter skirt is cleaner and better looking.

Two pretty rebels in the renim of law that hats shall be untrimmed, or almost without trimming. They are pictured here, making room for soft decorations, in both cases, are made the right height for this purpose. of ostrich feathers. But all the feathers that grow apparently are used for the small, exquisitely made trimmings that milliners are applying to hats of velvet or felt or velours. These ornaments, like those of bead and slik em-

you belong to," and, as he says in the by large white pearl buttons. The they are rare chough this season to Julia Bottomber

Use an Empty Drawer. For the woman who must press an

ecosional waist, an empty drawer, inverted, is a capital froning board. The wood at the bottom of the drawer, heing unvarnished, tells no tales of the use to which it has been put. Where fashlon have successfully defied the a writing desk is lacking, an empty drawer, inverted and then partly replaced, furnishes a roomy flat space or writing materials. The second feathers in abundant ornaments. Then drawer of the average bureau is about

Girdles of Silk.

Brocaded silk for girdles and other trimming is in demand. It gives the some sort of touch of color that embroldery does, if skillfully used, and, broldery, and tiasel and metal braids, of course, it is far less work to tuck ere flat and they cling to the shapes in a bit of brocade than it is to emas if to efface themselves. But they broider even a simple pattern by hand.